Was it more pretious to me then it is now:
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day ouercaſt,
This ſodaine ſcab of rancour I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward:
But come my Lo: ſhall we to the tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes,
This day thoſe men you talkt of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſde them weare their hat,:
But come my Lo: let vs away. *Enter Haſt. a Purſuant.*
Haſt. Go you before, Ile follow preſently.
Haſt. Well met Haſtings, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your Lo: to aske.
Haſt. I tell thee fellow tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now we meete:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your honors good content.
Haſt. Gramercy Haſtings, hold ſpend thou that: *He giues him his purſe.*
Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *(Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. What ſir Iohn you are well met.
I am beholding to you for your laſt daies exerciſe:
Come the next ſabaoth, and I will content you. *He whiſpers in his eare.*
Enter Buckingham.
Buc. How now Lo: Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the prieſt (prieſt,
Your honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of came into my minde:
What, go you to the tower my Lord?

Buck.

Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not
I ſhall returne before your Lordſ
Haſt. T is like enough, for I ſtay
Buc. And ſupper too, although
Come ſhall we go along?
Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, w
Gray, and Vaughan
Ratl. Come bring forth the pri
Riu. Sir Richard Ratliffe let me
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubie
For truth, for duty, and for loyalti
Gray. God keepe the Prince fr
A knot you are of damned bloudſ
Riu. O Pomfret, Pomfret, Oh t
Fatall and dominious to noble pe
Within the guilty cloſure of thy w
Richard the ſecond here was hack
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſ
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe bl
Gray. Now Margarets curſe is f
For ſtanding by, when Richard ſt
Riu. Then curſt ſhe Haſtings, th
Then curſt ſhe Richard. Oh rem
To heare her praiers for them as
And for my ſiſter, and her prince
Be ſatiſfied deare God with our t
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly
Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the
Riu. Come Gray, come Vaug
And take our leaue vntill we mee
Enter the Lords
Haſt. My Lords, at once the ca
Is to determine of the coronation:
In Gods name ſay, when is this ro
Buc. Are all things fitting for t
Dar. It is, and wants but nomi
Riu. To morrow then, I gueſſe
Buc. Who knowes the Lord p

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.46)